THE MORSE RECORD.

A HISTORY

OF THE

Proceedings of The Morse Society

IN

Annual Meeting, December 4, 1895,

AND A

SOUVENIR

OF THE

Dinner at the Windsor Hotel, New York City,

on the same evening.

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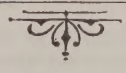
The Registrar will be greatly assisted if members of the family will send in names and addresses of Morses and descendants of Morses whom they may know.



THE MORSE SOCIETY.

In accordance with our By-Laws, the annual meeting of The Morse Society was held on the fourth of December, 1895, at the office of Jerome E. Morse, 239 Broadway, New York City. There were forty ballots cast, and the following Trustees were chosen for the years 1895–1896:

JEROME E. MORSE,
Vice-President Hecla Powder Company,
239 Broadway, New York City.

WALDO G. MORSE,
of Morse & Griffin, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
10 Wall St., New York City.

DAVID R. MORSE,
of Howard & Morse, Wire Goods and Ventilating Appliances,
45 Fulton St., New York City.

JOHN HOWARD MORSE,
Retired,
Fairfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

DANIEL P. MORSE,
of Morse & Rogers, Wholesale Boots and Shoes,
134–136 Duane St., New York City.

HENRY G. MORSE,
President Edgemoore Bridge Works,
Wilmington, Delaware.

LYMAN D. MORSE,
of Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency,
38 Park Row, New York City.

GEORGE W. MORSE,
of Morse & Lane, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
28 State St., Boston, Mass.

HARRY F. MORSE,
of Morse & Co., Shipping,
18 Broadway, New York City.

A meeting of the Trustees was held immediately after the annual meeting, and the following officers were elected:

President, - - - - -	WALDO G. MORSE.
Vice-President, - - - -	GEORGE W. MORSE.
Secretary and Registrar, - - -	J. HOWARD MORSE.
Treasurer, - - - - -	DAVID R. MORSE.
Historian, - - - - -	J. H. MORSE.
Chaplain, - - - -	REV. FRANK R. MORSE.

The Morse Record.

THE MORSE RECORD.

Published by The Morse Society. *J. HOWARD MORSE, Editor.*

In July, 1894, when The Morse Society published a paper called "The Morse Record," a reproduction of the original "Memorial" was contemplated, and it was proposed to furnish copies to those who desired them, under certain conditions, at an early date. A thorough investigation of this subject, however, led to a change of plan, with the view of obtaining the most satisfactory results, and it seems proper to state the reasons for the same.

All honor is due to the Rev. Abner Morse for his untiring zeal and successful efforts to give the family of Morse a genealogical record. In his time the town, county and state records were not indexed, and could not be used to any great extent for comparison and verification. To-day we find these records for the most part indexed, and it is comparatively easy for the skilled genealogist to obtain verified records.

Again, the system of genealogical works is now entirely different from that which the Rev. Abner Morse used. The recognized system of the present day is that of arrangement by generations. This is the "New England Register" system, and is followed by nearly, if not all, of the modern genealogies. In relation to it a genealogist says:

"It avoids confusion, as we finish one thing before we begin another."

"It is simple and more easily understood by those who are unused to these works."

"The relationship of the different people named can be seen readily, and this method does away with all the confusion which appertains, more or less, to all other arrangements."

For these reasons it has been thought best to give up the idea

of a reprint of the old "Memorial," and to endeavor to issue a new and revised "Memorial of the Morses," down to date as far as possible. With this in view the plan contained in the following announcement was adopted at a meeting of the Trustees of the Society, held on the 6th day of November, 1895.

One thing remains: the coöperation of members of the family, both by their subscriptions and by sending to the Registrar all information and records they may have or be able to obtain concerning their ancestors and their descendants. They will also be of great assistance if they will send names and addresses of all Morses or descendants of Morses of whom they may know. With such assistance the Society can make a success of the book, and put forth a lasting monument to the race; without it we can do nothing.

The Trustees of The Morse Society will work hard to attain this end. Will you help us?

THE MORSE SOCIETY.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Memorial of the Morses.

EDITION OF 1896-1900.

A new edition of the "Memorial of the Morses" will be begun by The Morse Society at an early date, upon receipt of a sufficient number of subscriptions. The edition of 1850 is to be revised, enlarged and completed to date, in order that the names of all members of the family, as far as it is possible to procure them, will appear in print.

For three years the Society has continued to collect data, and has during that period succeeded in securing many new and interesting facts, both in this country and in England, relative to the family and its members, beside filling numerous gaps in the known lines of descent. Original documents have been, and will be, examined and all statements verified.

The new work is to be published in parts, Quarterly, or as nearly so as preparation of the vast amount of material and verification of complex authorities will permit. The estimated number of parts is twelve, and the price of each part will be fifty cents, payable upon its receipt by the subscriber.

Beside the regular edition, a special souvenir Edition de Luxe, limited to one hundred copies, printed upon fine paper, with wide margins, is offered for subscription at fifty dollars, this price including the delivery of the regular numbers as issued and the complete work in the special edition, elegantly bound in leather, if desired, when the publication is finished.

It is particularly desired to call attention to the fact that The Morse Society will not order the above work to proceed till a sufficient number of subscriptions are sent in to warrant it in doing so.

Should you desire to own either of these editions, please fill the appropriate subscription blank and mail it to Mr. J. HOWARD MORSE, Registrar, 20 Fairfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

'Twas but a trifle over two centuries and a half ago when around one hearthstone could be found our forefathers conning over the events of the day and the plans and ambitions for the future. To-day the breadth of our great continent lies between many of us, the offspring of these honored men, and little or nothing is known to us of the generations of kindred who have lived and died bearing the name we claim.

It must be the mission of our new "Memorial" to teach us of them and gather us all between its covers.

Our Record must then take up the work and keep us posted and in touch with the actions and interests of one another, so that, when good fortune brings us together in some center of the Society, our social reunion may again assume the form of a family gathering and we shall no longer be strangers one to another.

For the promotion of these relations, a most enjoyable dinner was given on the fourth day of December, 1895, at the Windsor Hotel, New York city, and the following pages are devoted to a reproduction of the speeches made by prominent members of our family on that occasion.

It is sincerely hoped that the history of very many such occasions may grace the pages of our Record.

An address delivered by Waldo G. Morse, Toastmaster, in New York, December 4, 1895, on the occasion of the annual meeting and dinner of The Morse Society.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

The privilege of which first I would avail myself upon this most happy evening is that of acknowledging a great honor and expressing the rare pleasure which has come to me through your kind good pleasure at the election just held. To be chosen President of The Morse Society is to receive a token of good will and confidence to make any man proud and which the present grateful recipient of your trust receives with a resolve to be faithful in his endeavors, proportionate in its firmness to his vast store of personal knowledge bearing upon the unreasonableness of the choice. But this is all between ourselves—all in the family—and there is no danger that I shall mention it outside or even consume an evening stating the heads of the topic. May one custom ever prevail in The Morse Society: may the office seek the man. So shall office continue an honor and our association preserve a great distinction in the land.

But enough of personalities—and when a speaker says "enough" he is usually something late and mild in expressing the sentiment of his auditors. We have gathered here to celebrate the deeds and call to mind the virtues of "Our Puritan Ancestors." Before me is an image of the rude log cabin, the scanty furniture, the few treasured books, the broad open hearth and the glorious manhood and womanhood of 1635 and the following years; character more precious than rubies, more treasured than gold, which through all the attacks from without and shocks within has permeated the life of a continent and kept our blessed land the fairest in this fair world. The old Puritan blood, asking and giving no quarter where principal is at stake, standing for the individual right and personal righteousness and the thousand forces of good which make men glorious, is fighting a horde of foes, the old forces of tyranny, officialism, socialism, combination, communism, nepotism, crime and vice which have overwhelmed

successive civilizations and written "Failure" upon the grave of every government from Babylon to Turkey, from Egypt to India, from the Yucatan of 5,000 years ago to the Spanish American states. Break out the cobweb covered, dust darkened windows of our legislative halls and let in the light of heaven and the free air. Give the old Puritan strain the sunshine and the storm of open and honest contention and pray God that it may yet win the day. Do we for a moment realize, what he who runs may read, that our people are becoming convinced that laws are made to serve the purposes of vote corrupting sycophants whom a Puritan would despise and whose legislative bargaining he would loathe? I crave your pardon if the depth of more than a transient feeling has carried me beyond the sentiment of this joyous evening,—but it is said.

All hail The Morse Society! All hail the influences of the past, the aspirations for the future which war against that corrupting god, an exclusive present, the fetish of the barbarian, the citadel of the cohorts of darkness. Let us—let all who hold the inestimable privilege cherish recollections of the past and gather their inspirations. Let all who may, transmit to their posterity in succeeding ages, a record of the lives and deeds of their ancestors, an example and inspiration. In these great ends we find reason for the existence of The Morse Society.

But not alone in the past and the future are our interests. What more charming than to gather from the various associations of our great cosmopolitan country and look into family faces. Strange this similarity of race. Many generations in the past we parted and yet one of our number started as I wrote his name, the gesture and sign manual were so like those of his father. A lady impressed by a voice behind her turned and almost thought her father present. It was a Morse to be sure, though a complete stranger whose line only met hers in Joseph, five generations away, in New England. Wanderings and wars had not obliterated the strong family similarity.

Among our friends we trace the rugged individuality of Samuel, transmitted through long lines of incorruptable citizens, uncompromising divines, ardent patriots, original thinkers in the arts, in science, in religion, in law. Nowhere followers, it may be too little prone to learn from others. Ready rather to cham-

pion a forlorn hope than fill a position of ease. More apt to preach the gospel or oppose tyranny, to strike out a line in American genealogical research before its time, or penetrate the hidden fastnesses of Siberia, than to reap where others had sown or accept the comfortable sinecures coveted by more politic men. Of this line was the Rev. Morse, who lived in amid ardent whigs and who discovered after long research the tory doctrines to be sound. Through a long life, these he maintained alone. His son having settled in Nova Scotia, among tories, after original research became aware that the whigs were incontestably right; was driven from his comfortable living and returned to the home of his father, where these uncompromising Puritans, each having sacrificed worldly prospects to principal, lived for many years to carry on a stately controversy in writing, growing so frigid indeed at times that arguments and replies were delivered at long range by means of the tongs. History records that such are not the traits of politicians. Of this line was Amos, of Douglas, who, though attending the established orthodox church, opposed taxation for the support of religion. He alone stood out and with infinite humor and eloquence the splendid old protestor, year after year, refused to pay his tax, allowing feather beds and furniture to be seized, advertised and sold, and every year buying back, at a price enhanced by costs and charges, his chattels. To the infinite content of his spirit the protest availed, the great state of Massachusetts acknowledged the error and our sturdy great grandfather departed in the peaceful and undisturbed possession of his household goods.

They fought in the Indian wars, the French and Indian wars, the revolution and the war of 1812. They sat in the council of their fellows, labored at the hard toil of the time and ever for right were their voices heard. Always faithful, trusted and energetic, their daughters and sons formed alliance with the families of Adams, Fisher, Cozens, Eams, Eustis, Sheever, Ames, Cooledge, Fay, Leland, Lawrence, Phillips, Hoare, Calburne, and others widely known. Their legacy of high thinking and right living are a priceless heritage to New England.

We recognize, too, the same traits in the descendants of Joseph, who, in the fairer fields of Watertown and the less

inclement climes of New York and Connecticut, have left their imprint upon our history and institutions. In this line the legal ability so characteristic of the race begins early to appear and the strong theological bent seems to have sooner lost its force. The things which have been said of the line of Samuel apply to that of Joseph whose descendants are closely connected by marriages with the Warrens, Bullards, Coopers, Shattucks, Newtons, Barnards, Howes, and Barnes of Watertown. Blessed with material prosperity and seeking the good of their fellows in the world they have proved themselves a fair race in a fair land, doing honor to kindred and religion, and blessing with learning, kindness and charity those about them.

Of Anthony and his line what can I say? Our eloquent brother shall soon speak for me.

We trace, too, the line of William, Anthony's brother, whose descendants, clinging closely to Newbury or pushing northward into Maine or Nova Scotia, have kept ever in their faces the salt spray of the Atlantic. Bound up with the history of their land and time, how realistically comes to our ears an account of the trial for witchcraft of Elizabeth, wife of William Morse, in 1679, and how strange to think of the old "Watch House" still owned by her descendants. The Hon. Freeman H. Morse, of Maine, graced this line, and interwoven with it are the families of all the seafaring, far-roving folk of the Massachusetts coast.

Well do we know the traits of Robert's line. Added to the Puritan stamina so well typified in all, we find in their lives of activity about their native New Jersey homes and in the varying political and social conditions of Louisiana, Ohio and New York, the keenness of intellect, readiness of mirth, suavity of bearing and fineness of perception which mark the highest types of the best races. On the bench, at the bar, in congress and legislatures, at the bedsides of the sick, or in the affairs of business, ever trusty and true. Ready to fire his own schooner tangled with an English ship rather than have her rigging cut. Tramping after a neighbor who had in dead of night stolen a load of wood, and presenting him with a back log. Facing an infuriated litigant and scorning to recede from a just position even to purchase life. Refusing, by abandoning a negro boy, to save his own life from the terrors of a burning steamship. Such are some of the flashes

from the diamonds of this race. Well may we grow to love Robert and his family and look with pleasure for their fuller record in our new Memorial.

We shall wait with interest while the history of the race of the Rev. Joshua Morse, who was chaplain to Sir William Phipps and his army, is rescued from oblivion under the guidance of our Society.

And last of all do we turn to the line of John Moss, who settled in New Haven, in 1639, joining in the notable events with which the founding of the colony was replete. His descendants have done honor to the name. Less closely bound to Puritan traditions by the surroundings of their early homes, with all the sterling soundness of the race unimpaired and under the most favorable conditions, they have developed their paternal inherritance of character and fortune. Allied with them are the best names of the lands of their nativity and choice and from them sprang through Abigail, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Moss, of Derby, Conn., Chancellor James Kent whose name is honored and placed among those of the greatest jurists of all times wherever the common law is known. Have we not here a hint of the origin of our name? Law—laws. Moss—Mores. Moss—Morse.

So we close with generations of the past, our short review. Of the present let posterity speak and to their gratitude we shall in no small degree be entitled for faithfully and lovingly carrying on to completion the work so earnestly and intelligently prosecuted for many years by the Rev. Abner Morse.

Among the multitudes in our great cities where every tie is loosened let thoughts of our race hold us steadily on our way. In lives of whirl and pleasure let our association together bind us in the good old ties of blood. In the loneliness which may come to lives cast in a wilderness of unknown men, let The Morse Society stretch out a hand of welcome to every one of our clan. God bless the Morse Society.

Address of Jerome E. Morse:

THE MORSE SOCIETY.

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:

Even in a democratic country like this we live in, where any man independent of his antecedents or family connections, may through individual character and personal energy find it possible to rise to the highest eminence in all walks of life, pride in family is not only pardonable, but is highly to be commended when such family pride tends to foster a study and emulation of the high character and sterling integrity of those who have preceded one; when the sole object of such pride is to cultivate a higher standard and a more noble manhood, building wisely on the experience of the past and rearing the human structure upward nearer to God's divine intention.

Only when this pride of family is used as a reflected light to excuse lack of character and lack of effort, does it become reprehensible and greatly to be deplored, and its exercise under such circumstances becomes a menace instead of a stimulus to the advancement of mankind.

It is most natural that civilized man, in looking backward through the centuries, should note with pleasure, pride and enthusiasm, the grand character, the noble deeds, and the worthy lives of those who have gone before. No one can pretend to assert that such study does not cultivate and foster all the highest virtues and give the most beneficent results in the onward march of civilization.

While we recognize the universality of the brotherhood of all mankind, we also recognize the fact that in accordance with our human constitution, our sympathies are most acute within the circle of our immediate family, and they radiate backward from that point. Hence it is natural that our common ancestry should receive a larger share of sympathy than the stranger in the land.

Human beings were never made for solitude any more than the beasts of the fields or the birds of the air; they congregate as naturally as the mist to form the rain, as the rivers to form the sea, as the nebulæ to form the planets.

The association of individuals has long been recognized as the most effective means for reaching the best results in religion, politics, arts, sciences, literature and social aims. It follows therefore as a natural sequence that such associations will gain in strength and enthusiasm as their objects and aspirations gain in character.

The original Morse Society in America was undoubtedly composed of those seven sturdy characters, our ancestors, who in order to enjoy the larger freedom and the greater liberty of thought, speech and action, which a new and untried country would offer, landed on our shores more than two and one-half centuries ago. Their constitution was the constitution of the colony in which they found their abode. Their by-laws were the simple bonds of humanity and brotherly love.

As we come up through the pathway of time we find the host of descendants from these worthy ancestors constantly on the increase, scattering themselves through the armies of progress and civilization; some of them plucking in life's journey the highest honors from literature, art, science, church and state; others quietly rearing everlasting monuments to commemorate the sterling integrity of worthy lives.

When the memory was growing dim, and the records obscure, a disinterested enthusiast appeared among our number and by years of untiring labor in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, he gathered together the broken threads and gave us the "Memorial of the Morses," with the record of thousands as the offspring of the original seven. This was nearly fifty years ago.

Men come and go, but time rolls on with its everlasting changes, and what changes it makes in any family in half a century.

By a singular coincidence in 1892, among all the thousands of Morses now scattered through the land, a little band of seven came together, and realizing that the lines which bound them together as one common family were becoming well stretched out and broken in some places, they organized the present Morse Society, for the purpose of recovering and preserving the records of the family at large, thereby stimulating respect and enthusiasm for the noble deeds of a worthy ancestry, that the future may bear fruit commensurate with the past.

In this connection I can not forbear to express my most hearty appreciation of the high honor and confidence of my confreres in selecting me as the president of this society through its years of infancy. At the same time I feel that many others are more worthy of praise for the success thus far attained than am I.

With this noble purpose in view and the interesting and instructive work now in progress, where can a Morse, who legitimately belongs to this line of descent be found, who, realizing the objects and disinterested work of this society, will not give it his most hearty and enthusiastic support and coöperation, as an enrolled member.

With thousands on our rolls, the opportunities for noble achievement will be bright and there will be no reason why The Morse Society shall not in the future become a living force in the community for the upbuilding of high character and an exemplar of the noblest type of manhood.

Address of Edward D. Harris:

HOW AMERICAN GENEALOGIES ARE COMPILED.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am asked to respond to a sentiment in which all Morses, just now, should take a deep and intelligent interest. In casting about for a suitable victim on this occasion, your President has fallen upon me, not a member of The Morse Society, for, perhaps, three reasons, and he has left it to me to offer these as an apology for my presence here to-night.

In the first place, it has been my lot, in the years that are behind us, to have done some genealogical work, and your President perhaps rightly concludes that a man who has fallen himself into mishaps and been guilty of blunders is the better fitted to advise others how to avoid them.

In the second place, I am fortunate in having enough Morse blood in me to claim descent from one of the sturdy men of the name who joined in the settlement of old Dedham in the early part of the 17th century, and to be, at the same time, a Morse by adoption, if marriage to my wife, who has about the same amount of Morse blood as I have, entitles her to exercise the right of adoption.

And in the third place, I am one of the few present, who remember and can claim a personal friendship with the historian of your race, the man who gave you the "Memorial," the Rev. Abner Morse, and may his memory ever be held dear in our hearts!

Not the least of my privileges in being with you this evening is that of adding my testimony to his worth, and in joining with you in heaping laurels upon his grave.

To tell you how American genealogies are compiled is one thing—to tell you how they *should* be compiled is quite another.

The advance from the first American genealogy of 1771—that of the Stebbins family—to the best work of to-day, is very great. Order has been brought out of chaos, and fable has given way to facts that must bear the test of historic criticism. Abner Morse was a shining light among the genealogists of his time.

He was an indefatigable worker, a thorough student and the science had in him a most painstaking and devoted ally. The Morses all over the country and the descendants of the Morses in other names (and our number is legion) owe him an unspeakable debt of gratitude. The system that he employed in the "Memorial" is not one to be adopted in the formation of works of its kind at this time, but the results of his labors are all there, saved by his industry, in many cases, from irretrievable loss, ready for rearrangement and for incorporation in a more extensive and modern form that shall be a worthier monument to him, and to his loyalty to the race, than was the original "Memorial."

Too many of our American genealogies start off with false presumptions. Their compilers are very much given to the weaving of brilliant fabrics of the imagination in which earldoms and principalities are vaguely hinted at, if not boldly claimed, as portions of an earlier heritage on the other side of the seas. Their title pages and covers are emblazoned with arms to which in many instances not the shadow of a right can be maintained. In these days when interest in genealogical work has been wonderfully quickened, and when men and women are seeking, as they have never done before in our restless and practical age, for knowledge of the race from which they have sprung, we can not be too careful to avoid the adoption of claims that only serve to cast discredit upon our work, and excite the ridicule of our cotemporaries.

I do not know that titled ancestry has ever been or will be claimed by the descendants of our earliest New England Morses, but I do know this—they were men of strong characters, of sturdy honesty, of uncompromising churchmanship; protestant to the core in protesting against the errors of that faith from which their fathers had barely escaped, and the odor of which still clung to their garments. They came over the seas to New England in company with the leaders of their sect, swayed by that deep purpose, so characteristic of the times, against any dalliance or compromise with Popery. If the zeal of their cotemporaries of Boston and Salem outran the bounds of Christian forbearance and charity, in its reaction, so far as to lead them to whip the Quakers, drive out Ann Hutchinson and burn the witches, there is no evidence that our Morses were active in those persecutions,

but rather that they were themselves the sufferers; for you will remember that William Morse, of Newbury, had to see his aged and faithful wife, the mother of his children and the companion of his life, arrested, imprisoned, tried and convicted of witchcraft, saved at the last from a horrible death through the relenting of her judges.

But whatever may have been the faults of our ancestors in the direction of intolerance and bigotry, taught them in the furnace of affliction, we are going to forget it all to-night, and remember them only as the Christian pilgrims to whom we owe our existence.

And this new "Memorial of the Morses" which we are about to make must be moulded on the lines of the best work that genealogists of to-day know how to do. In it there is no place for fable, for idle traditions, for vain assumptions, or for fanciful speculation. Carefully must be gathered from cotemporary history (far richer in available sources now than in Abner Morse's day) all the little incidents that can shed light upon the characters and deeds of those early generations.

The modern genealogist must live over again in imagination the lives of those whose history he is to portray. He should seek out their old homes, wander in their old paths, gaze over the same landscape, and ponder at their graves. The page on which they have written, the leaves they have turned, the work of their hands, all these bear to him their own story, if it is only to inspire him with a veneration for their memory and an enthusiasm in his work.

From the generations that have gone he passes to that which is yet alive. In the letters that come to him from his kinsfolk, who have wandered far from the first abiding place of their ancestors, even to the utmost confines of this great continent, he finds new threads for his fabric, new links that bind together the great community that he had adopted.

From the *town records* he will learn where and when their children were born; from the *church records* when and by what names they were baptized and when and how they put on the armor of their faith to war against the flesh and the devil; from the *county records* he shall learn where they bought their farms and builded their houses, and from the *probate records* how they

parted their temporal estates, and when they laid down their burden of life. The *State archives* shall show him how they mustered with horse and gun to defend their homes from the Indian's torch, to follow him with stern retaliation and fierce vengeance through the trackless forest.

And later, when peace and prosperity had crowned the toil of a century, the same *archives* shall show him how, shoulder to shoulder, their grandchildren rose in their strength to throw off the yoke that had grown so burdensome and forge out liberty for themselves and their country.

And, Mr. President, we, of our day, with memories still fresh with the events of 1861, shall not find it necessary to resort to *archives* for the story of the loyalty and patriotism of the later generations of the Morses.

And so, Sir, out of all this material shall be built up another American genealogy, the new "*Memorial.*" That it shall be when completed a fitting tribute to our forefathers, and to their devoted son who first set us the example, we have every reason to fondly expect. It is to go forth bearing its tale to the sons and daughters of the Morses throughout the length and breadth of the land, from Maine to Mexico—every letter of it, from the title page to the close of its model index, gladly welcomed and proudly cherished—the history of a plain, honest, patriotic people, in this the land of their adoption, true to their fellow men in their highest trusts, and serving God in holiness and righteousness all the days of their life.

An address delivered by George W. Morse:

ANTHONY MORSE

and His Descendants, a Race Characteristic of the Family.

In addressing a New York audience, a Bostonian often realizes the feelings said to be felt by a heathen as he approaches his idol—he appreciates its greatness but fears its dangers.

I escape, however, for though of New England stock only, I was born in Ohio, and, moreover, am to-night with my kith and kindred.

Colton says:

"It is with antiquity as with ancestry; nations are proud of the one and individuals of the other, but if they are nothing in themselves that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation."

We come here to-day to speak of certain wise, good and valiant men—our ancestors. We will escape many of the dangers by placing ourselves and our own generation in the hands of posterity. On the other hand, no sentimental fear of satire, I trust, will interrupt the requiem of praise which is due to our fathers. We shall endeavor to state no facts of history or genealogy without citing authorities.

The original name was "de Mors" and is both German and Norman, but the family historian concludes, with strong reason, that the English settlers of the name were Normans. It historically occurs in 1358 in the reign of Edward the Third. As an embassy was about being despatched to France during a truce with that country and the captivity of her king, Edward the Third addressed a letter in Latin to Hugo de Mors, a liberal construction of which, taken with the context, is: "Hugo de Mors will conduct safely the Cardinal, his servants and other distinguished company."

The "de" by English usage was gradually dropped, but not prior to 1553, and e was added later, both in Old England and New England, to adapt it to the genius of the English language—but even in New England the second of the race, Anthony Morse, in signing his will, omits the e.

The name is known as early as 1200.

(Note.—Horton's "Life of Emigrants;" Drake's "Founders of New England;" "Norman People;" "Morse Memorial;" Will of Rev. Thos. Morse, Foxearth, Essex County, England, probated 1596, a copy of which may be found in Morse Memorial; "Abstract of Morse Memorial," compiled by Henry Dutch Lord for private distribution. A copy may be found in the State Library, State House, Boston.)

The geographical centre of the Morses in England is the county of Suffolk, planted about 1400 by a single family, as their names in 1500 to 1600 in this and adjoining counties indicate by reference to some thirty wills.

No mechanics are named in these wills before 1635, save one worsted weaver and three cloth workers. About half were husbandmen. Many ranked as gentlemen. The wills indicate both benevolence and prosperity.

As late as 1750, Nicholas Morse was governor of Bengal, and Henry Dutch Lord says that he was the grandfather of Lord Bixby, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

By the same authority, another Morse married Oliver Cromwell, a great-grandson of the protector. So far as the records indicate, none were knighted in England before Sir Robert, who was a General in East India about 1750. It is said that his grandson, a baronet, is still living in England, but this I have not had opportunity to verify.

What I may say in general of Anthony's race, applies as well to his brother William and also Samuel, and, indeed, to all the settlers of that name. It now appears pretty certain, upon fuller investigation, that Robert, who appears in the Memorial as one of the first settlers, was the son of Anthony, so that Robert's race, instead of being distinct, is the one of which we speak.

Of Anthony and Samuel, the Puritans, it has been said by the memorialist, Rev. Abner Morse:

"They belonged to that class of Puritans who strove to separate from the corruptions of the established church while they continued in her, and the date of their separation synchronizes with that of their embarkation for New England in 1635. They were men of moral courage, energy and perseverance; enterprising and capable in business, and laid the foundation for the competence and wealth of their families. They were frequently called to public trusts of civil and sacred character and reared pious and distinguished children; were of strict integrity and humble piety, fearing God and loving their people."

Speaking of Anthony's line, he says:

"The record of his descendants is a eulogium upon his piety; so generally inclined to a godly walk were the first five generations of his race that it was loosely but proverbially said in reference to them, that it was as natural for the Morses to be religious as for certain other families to be vicious."

The observations of the chronicler were limited to five gen-

erations. His allusion was, therefore, not intended to be restrictive, although the orthodoxy of many of the latest generations might be questioned by the earlier ones.

History and genealogy show substantially the same traits in all the Morse settlers in America. I take Anthony's race as a type, and being of it have studied more its details.

Probably, indeed, others of the settlers of that name from Suffolk had larger means in their later days at home, for I infer that our branch had left Suffolk and settled in Wiltshire to repair its fortunes and possibly to escape comparison with their more prosperous kinsfolk.

The Morses of Marlborough and other parts of Wiltshire, England, were a colony from the Suffolk branch. They transmitted there the identical names of the Suffolk families which were peculiar to the Morses in both the old and the new world, and have the same family arms. These arms are enrolled at the English Herald office, with the final e added, but the emblems are too ancient to have been conferred as late as the admission of e to the name. While all the emblems of these arms denote military service, the motto is "*In Deo non armis fido.*" This was but the velvet in which the iron hand was clad.

These facts—much better authenticated than in most instances where greater and more ancient lineage is claimed—are only of historical interest to true Americans of the family. Whatever the Morses may have been in these more ancient times, it is certain that at the time of the civil and religious revolution in England, which resulted in their emigration, they were staunch Puritans. The records, both in England and America, which may be consulted, indicate that the emigrants of the name were well-to-do for those days, and were not adventurers, but regarded themselves as religious exiles.

Interesting, indeed, would it be if we could trace step by step the development and evolution of our sires from staunch supporters of the English Church, the nobility and the throne, to the stern Puritans who either settled in New England or remained at home and fought with Cromwell and Hampden at Marston Moor, at Naseby and at the battles of Newbury. They, however, were but types and we have only to read English history.

Anthony Morse and William Morse, of Marlborough, Wilt-

shire, England, were of the colony which settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1635. The head of this colony was the Rev. Thomas Parker, of Newbury, Wiltshire, who was one of England's most eminent scholars, teachers and divines, and who had been the pupil of the learned Archbishop Usher, of Dublin.

(Note.—See Coffin's "History of Newbury," published 1845; "Life of S. F. B. Morse," by Prime; "Morse Memorial.")

Coffin, in giving the vocations of settlers, designates the two Morses as shoemakers. We have no desire to escape any plebeian vocation with which our ancestral line may be waxed, as long as it is not intertwined with a noose at the other end. As a matter of fact, however, William and Anthony were yeomen or farmers in England, and after coming to this country their lives were also devoted to agriculture, as the Memorial, their Wills, and the History of Newbury show. Doubtless they learned a trade, as most of the emigrants wisely did, anticipating the need of handicraft in the wilds of America. The spinning-wheels, which our dear grandmothers back in the generations have bequeathed us, are more precious than all armorial bearings.

In a recent trip to England, it was my pleasure to visit both Marlborough and Newbury. The records of three hundred years ago, if all preserved, would be meager enough in old England, where even to-day the evidences of realty rights are but the unrecorded title deeds. The ravages of three hundred years have left very little that ever existed. I found, however, at Marlborough, a record that Anthony Morse, the father of William and Anthony, the emigrants, was a freeman capable of bearing arms.

As I stood on Marlborough Mound and Silbury Hill and looked down on the valley through which the Kennet danced and played in the morning sunlight and my eye roamed over peaceful fields and quaint villages, I wondered which of its verdant slopes had been tilled by our ancestors and along which of the Kennet's banks and tributary rills they had sported in childhood. Old Marlborough lay at my feet, moss-covered and antiquated, little changed, I judge from inquiry and investigation, either in appearance or population, by the three centuries that have passed since our ancestors left it.

Parts of some old parish churches of those days still stand, and on another visit I have allotted to myself the pleasure of

spending more time and giving more research to their records and tombstones.

The records of Suffolk and Wiltshire show that later both the Suffolk and Wiltshire branches were represented, as I have said, in the armies of Cromwell.

As I walked over the hills of Newbury, some forty miles from Marlborough, in the same county, and visited the battle grounds of two of the great contests between the Cavalier and the Roundhead, I saw at the base a modern city with only here and there a landmark of three centuries ago.

From one of these eminences, the Mayor of the Borough, who accompanied me, pointed out in a quiet corner near an ancient church, an old chapel or refectory which he said in 1634 was called the "Free School of Newbury" and its teacher was the Rev. Thomas Parker, who was respected although persecuted. He was the same who led the colony to Newbury, Mass., but, in spite of the persecution, his heart went back to old Newbury, in England, and he gave its name to his settlement in the new world.

I visited all that remains of these ancient landmarks. There is a family tradition—unauthenticated otherwise—that Anthony Morse married his wife who came with him to America, from old Newbury, and that she was a friend of the Rev. Thomas Parker and hence their association with the colony.

It is at least probable that the tradition is true, for the colony was largely made up of personal friends or of selected men.

Parts of old Donnington Castle of history still stand. There are few regions in old England more attractive, and to any descendant of the Newbury Colony, there is no spot more inspiring and instructive.

As I bade the Mayor good-bye after a day's visit well expended in drives and walks to points of interest, he handed me a copy of the "History of Newbury, England," by Walter Money, in which he wrote the following: "August 10th, 1894. From old Newbury, England, Joseph Elliott, Mayor of the Borough. With best wishes for the boys and girls who have settled on the other side."

It is a popular belief that the heart of an Englishman is more remote and its pulsations slower of invocation than an

American's. The point is debatable, but in any event, when you enlist its sympathy it is loyal, deep and true, and no one will enjoy more than Joseph Elliott, Mayor of the Borough of Newbury, the memorial of this meeting.

One will remark, if he looks at the map of southern England, that in a narrow belt lie the towns of Newbury, Salisbury, Marlborough, Amesbury and Bradford, while some forty miles to the north of these are the towns of Haverhill, Hampton, Byfield and Ipswich. It will be interesting to cast your eye on the map of northeastern Massachusetts and find these same names within similar limits.

The records of Newbury, Mass., which are imperfectly collated by Joshua Coffin, show that Anthony and William, in common with the others, were allotted their proportion of lands; that they brought with them from England sufficient wherewithal to embellish and supply them and that they began their struggle in the new world under conditions rather better than those of the Pilgrims of Plymouth or a majority of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

In the bitter religious and theological controversies common to all these colonies, we find the two brothers dividing, William being of the party which supported the Rev. Thomas Parker and Anthony generally opposing. The differences appear to have arisen chiefly out of questions of church discipline.

The Newbury Colony, like all the Puritan ones, after establishing rude temporary cottages, built the church, the stockade and the schoolhouse, and proceeded to the clearing of lands and the erection of more substantial homes.

It has been commonly said of the family—as of some other old American families of Puritan stock—that no descendant of the original settler was ever convicted of a crime.

I am about to make a startling revelation to the family. Very early in the settlement Anthony Morse was presented for leaving a hole open adjacent to his premises into which his neighbor fell. With that exception, neither the records of Newbury nor the towns of New Hampshire, Massachusetts or Connecticut, to which branches of the Newbury family emigrated after the third generation, show a conviction of any of the descendants of either Anthony or William Morse. I have written

to these various towns and cities for information and have received replies from most.

At the time of the publishing of the "Morse Memorial" in 1850, Rev. Abner Morse says there were some ten thousand descendants of the original Morse settlers, not, of course, limited to Anthony and William's race. At the same ratio of increase, there would be double that number now, or more. The record is certainly a remarkable one.

In this connection, let us advert to Elizabeth, the wife of William. There is no record or tradition as to who she was, save that she was of England and was married to William there before the emigration to America, but in 1679 she was charged with witchcraft during the prevailing delusion, convicted and sentenced to death. The records of this trial may be found at the state house and in old Newbury. Essential parts are also copied in the "Morse Memorial" and in the history of Newbury.

The evidence, if not so tragic, would be humorous. The substance was that her spells were cast upon certain calves and children who manifested unusual energy while under the spell, evidenced by extraordinary gyrations. A calf was even said to have sat upon its tail like a dog in consequence of her influence. I draw the following inference from history, fiction and the records: Elizabeth Morse was one of the more sedate, exclusive and severe of the Puritans. She had, perhaps, driven certain fruit-pilfering boys from her yard, which, contrary to the New England custom, had a high fence about it, allowable in England, but obnoxious in the colonies. Witchcraft, to the healthy boyish mind, was a joke, and their complaint, springing from a comical standpoint, developed into a tragedy. The sentiment changed just in season for a reprieve and "Goody Morse," who has gone into history and song as the Witch of Newbury, was saved from the gallows.

We may well shed a tear in her memory, as we read her plaintive but dignified appeal to the governor, the substance of which was that if she was a witch she did not know it and did not intend it, but that doubtless she was sinful; otherwise, an infinite and just God would not have so afflicted her.

Through an intermarriage of a son of Tristram Coffin, of the Newbury Colony, with a daughter of William and Elizabeth

Morse, we have a descendant of Elizabeth Morse with us tonight. He is one of the most skilled experts of the "Broomstick Train" in America. It doubtless comes down to him by direct descent from the Witch of Newbury and may he ever worship her sacred and persecuted shade.

Anthony had ten children and for three generations they appear to have largely remained in old Essex county and mostly in towns adjacent or near to Newbury.

Coffin's history of Newbury fails to give the names of the soldiers from Newbury who served in the colonial and revolutionary armies. It gives, however, something of the history of the companies which served and it would appear that Newbury was represented by a company in nearly all the colonial wars as well as at nearly all times during the war of the revolution.

That at the battle of Bunker Hill was especially conspicuous for its gallantry.

By reference to the archives of the state, we find that Newbury Morses were in all the colonial companies sent out by Newbury and that eleven of the descendants of Anthony and William, mostly descendants of Anthony, as would appear by the names, served in the revolutionary war on the different fields for longer or shorter terms.

Captain Abel Morse was of the fourth generation through Anthony, Benjamin and Benjamin 2d. He left Newbury and was the pioneer in the settlement of Chester, N. H., was its first representative in the New Hampshire legislature and the captain of the colonial company of Rockingham County. He and his children were among the most enterprising and patriotic of old Rockingham County's sons.

Three of these sons, Nathan, Oliver and Abraham, served in the colonial army in the expeditions against Fort DuQuesne, Niagara and Crown Point, and another son served in the siege of Louisberg and with Wolfe at Quebec, and Josiah and Parker, son and grandson, were in Stark and Reed's companies at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Some of these sons, as well as grandsons, served in many other campaigns of the Revolutionary War.

There is a letter from Parker Morse to Deacon Hills, written from the Mystic before Bunker Hill, published in 1869, which is

of interest. (Brown's History of Chester, N. H., and State Archives, Concord, N. H.)

Captain Abel seems, by the History of Chester, to have been called upon to fill about all the public offices that one man could attend to, besides representing his district for many years in the legislature, and the records show that many of his sons also held positions of public trust.

Pardon me for a reminiscence slightly personal. In 1857, at twelve years of age, I was sent to live in Chester, New Hampshire, for a year with a granduncle, Isaac Morse, who was a grandson of Captain Abel. He lived in the plain but ample colonial farm-house built by Captain Abel early in the 18th century, and it even yet barely stands, pathetic in its decay. Uncle Isaac was then over ninety—no whit changed by six generations from the stern Puritans of the early century before, intensified, however, by full adoption of the doctrines of Jonathan Edwards. His intellectual meat was the Bible, the works of Edwards, Baxter and Watts, and, for occasional recreation, those of Bunyan.

Too tender to accept infant damnation and too loyal to his mentors to reject it, strong in all qualities of mind and heart, his pure life was like that of his ancestors—a conflict between the natural instincts and his sterner teachings and traditions. He had known those of his kinsmen of Newbury, who, like himself, had been almost centenarians, who in turn had known Anthony and William and their children, and through him I could reach back and shake hands with our Puritan sires. We dwell upon him as one of the older type whom we ourselves have seen in flesh and blood. He loved to talk of his grandfather, Captain Abel Morse (who, from his account, I should compare with Myles Standish, but rank him of a type of greater intellectual breadth), and of Abel's wife, Grace Parker, of Bradford, who, as tradition says, was the grandniece of the Rev. Thomas Parker, through his brother who emigrated with him, or soon after, but which tradition I have not verified. From his account, she was little less than an angel, and her sons could only be all brave and her daughters all virtuous. One night, as I returned from my daily tramp of two miles over the hills from Chester Academy, he showed me with delight an item regarding some new triumph of Samuel F. B. Morse's electrical appliances, and said: "I would

have you know, boy, that more than fifty years ago that boy, when about your age, visited this house with his father, Jedediah Morse, the great American geographer, and they slept in the spare room in the southwest corner, and on Sunday his father preached a sermon at the old red schoolhouse, comforting to many but terrible to sinners."

Isaac's brother Peter married Sarah Brown, of Poplin, New Hampshire, a second Grace Parker in character, and a direct descendant of Jonathan Brown, one of the first settlers of Salem, Mass., a family which has ever maintained a high standard in public and private life. (Annals of Salem, History of Essex County, Mass.)

Abel's son, Dr. Parker Morse, settled at Woodstock, Connecticut, and here he and his numerous posterity have lived and prospered. Before him, Jedediah, of the fifth generation from Anthony, was there a leading citizen in public affairs and private enterprises.

Jedediah, of the sixth generation, son of the above, was the eminent scholar and divine, father of American geography, and one of the founders of the Puritan Theological School at Andover.

Samuel F. B., the artist, and later inventor of the electric telegraph, was his son, as were also Richard and Sidney, the founders of the New York Observer.

The struggles of the great artist and inventor—the bosom friend during his years of study in Europe of Benjamin West, Washington Allston, Irving, Coleridge, Lamb, and all their great contemporary artists and scholars—are dignified by the more than paternal and filial loyalty of his father and brothers. They were inspired by patriotic yearnings and traditions. No sordid wish is expressed in all their letters, many of which may be found in Prime's "Life of S. F. B. Morse."

"I wish to paint something worthy of my country," said S. F. B. Morse, and this he had in view when at his great historic works, which, though pecuniarily unprofitable, would alone have rendered his name immortal even had his inventions failed.

When Lafayette visited this country in 1825, our government employed Morse to paint his portrait, and the two became intimate bosom friends during life, and the correspondence between them is interesting and touching.

During his ten years of destitution, intervening between his abandonment of the brush, to pursue with untiring zeal the great invention which to him was ever a reality, and the appropriation by the government to test his discoveries, we find the great inventor often saying: "I want my country to have the benefit of my best efforts. I want little for myself and ask only a plain home for my children and grandchildren," and though in want, he gave the first $50 received from his invention to charity. The same instincts prompted him, during his hardest struggles, in founding the Academy of Design, which for twenty years he presided over without compensation.

The Connecticut branch has been prolific, also, in furnishing its quota to the civil and military lists.

One of them, a great-grandson of Captain Abel, writes me from Woodstock: "The Morses have held many of the offices here for nearly two hundred years. Two of my own cousins," he says, "served the Union in the late War of the Rebellion."

The New York branch is made up from all the eastern settlements—Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut—and upon the principle that the star of empire in families, as well as nations, is westward, we find here, as we expected, flattering results. The amenities of Gotham may allure, but they can never eradicate inherited traits or bury family traditions.

One of our branch was a pioneer in building Minneapolis, and another equally active on the Pacific coast. They made and kept their fortunes. I have met these and many others of our race in my travels and generally found the family characteristics strongly marked.

Until recently, those of our name have largely clung with tenacity to the soil, or entered some of the learned professions. Perhaps no family in the country has had more college graduates, and this would also apply a century back.

We leave the present generation to the future chronicler.

Such were our fathers, and, save only as their example emulates us to greater deeds, we are unworthy their name.

"Fortunate youth!" said young Alexander at the tomb of Achilles, "fortunate youth, that a Homer was the herald of thine exploits, else these stones which cover thy body would cover also thy name!"

Who shall herald *these* men to future generations? The time has come when the pioneer work so well done through toilsome years by Abner Morse, should be enlarged, perfected and brought down. It will be a fit monument for us to build to these ancestors—one where we and our children may burn incense and gather courage and inspiration. The occasion has found the man, and, with our help, our cultured and able Registrar will go forward with the work.

Courage, patriotism, honor, high devotion to duty and no dissimilation, these are the lessons of their lives and the characters morally inscribed upon their banner. We have caught a glimpse of them as they bore it in the old world for king and country, until, turning when betrayed, they joined to smite kings and dynasties from apex to base, until mitre, crown and head yielded to their majestic and imperial decrees, and civil and religious liberty was saved.

We have seen them bear that inscribed banner across the seas into a new and unexplored world to ordain by courage and devotion the miracle of America.

We have seen it carried for king and fatherland, with Washington and Braddock at Fort DuQuesne, with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, and, following Governor Shirley and Sir William Pepperell, waving in victory over the battlements of Louisberg.

Wherever savage or civilized enemy threatened their colony they were in the front, and when king and mother country once again were false, we see that banner at Bunker Hill, again at Quebec, at Saratoga, borne with naked and bleeding feet through the snow and ice of Valley Forge, and again waving in final victory over the redoubts and ramparts of Yorktown.

Not one of its adherents sailed with the Tories to England or New Brunswick.

It was numerously represented with credit—and always, I believe, for the Union—upon every great battlefield in our recent struggle against rebellion.

The record of all this shows no recreant, no deserter.

Not alone or most important have been their achievements upon battlefield and campaign, for the record scarcely shows a professional soldier or marine. Like Cincinnatus, they returned

to the plough when their country's work was done and the record of their private lives is their greatest monument.

From their honored hands the banner has fallen, and if we and our children as we bear it onward shall lose courage and falter, or should temptation to compromise its mottoes assail us, once more may we see in vision their stern faces and recognize their towering forms; again may we hear their counsel and inspiring cheers, and the power of their example shall equal the triumphs of their lives.

Address of George E. Morse:

THE MORSES BY CHOICE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I hold it truth, with Emerson, that be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the first visitation of that mysterious power to his heart which created all things anew, which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art, and which made the face of Nature radiant with purple light. Following this thought, it would seem that the birth and inspiration of genius has been in response to the touch of the hand that rules the world.

Distinguished speakers have told you of the deeds, the sufferings, the silences, and of the victories of the Morses in the past. They have laid stress upon this thing or upon that; they have held up to our view these luminous examples to light our pathway and lead us in their footsteps. It is perhaps a safe principle that no success in this life is achieved without earnest and well-directed labor. If we examine the history of the world, we will find that success has been achieved only by this means, and when we find a nation, a race of people, or a family excelling and pointing out the way, it may be put down as an absolute proposition that the basis of that success is energy. We may go further, following from effect to cause, and say that an incentive to that energy must exist, and that incentive to my mind is the inspiration, the ambition and the encouraging coöperation of a wife.

So, therefore, accepting these three propositions, we may safely assume that the prime cause and the root of the success of the Morses has been the fact that they were happy in their choice of wives and fortunate in obtaining their choice. Thus the Morses by choice are the choicest of the Morses.

It is of course well known to you that perhaps the greatest stress is laid upon the doings of the pioneers who peopled the rocks of the old Bay State and whose descendants are there to-day

as rock-ribbed as their Commonwealth. It is right here that I wish to call your attention to the fact that the part of the women in those days is much underestimated. The land was held by battle and was tilled under guard. Now the part of the men in this warfare was plain, but the part of the women was more difficult—more difficult in this: that while to the men the post of greatest danger was assigned, the women had the post of greatest anxiety to their lot. It is one thing to lead a charge or to stand fast, but it is quite another to sit at home and listen to the sound of that battle and be prepared for the worst. To wait and to watch and to work, fearing that on the morrow the death-list will hold many a loved one's name—that was the part of the women; to be silent, to suffer and to be strong; and no man will deny them their meed of praise. We Morses don't need to be told what their wives were to our forefathers, nor what they are to-day. Their part has been well done, and we have the testimony of the world for it. Let us carry this in our hearts and hope that our sweethearts may become our wives and our wives be always our sweethearts.

A SONG.

Every table its singer—so here's for a song
To the sound old name Morse, as we bear it along;
And a chorus of joy for all good men and true.
With a health my brave brother! Fair cousin, to you!

Scorn for tyrants and slaves! None oppress we, nor brook
E'er a check on our footsteps free roving.
With our swords by the hilt; and our hands on the Book;
For strong living, hard fighting, true loving!

No whit truer the mettle, no clearer the ring
Of the arm or the steel for the savage's spring,
Than 'mid sparkle of silver and blaze of the light
Are about us—two hundred years after—to-night!

So a health my brave brother! Fair cousin, to you!
Did I say but two hundred? 'Tis sixty to few
And we'll honor and name every year of the span,
With its treasure of worth; since the epoch began.

For our God and our country, free air and good will!
Where the shackle corrodes and each being may fill,
At the fountain of ages, of sweetness untold,
What of hope and of deeds his life's compass may hold.

In the sparkle and gleam of the hour, and the eyes,
Bright with ten generations of purpose; which prize
Worth and right; emulation springs, seizes the rein,
Love is life, life is joy, here we pledge her again!

All about us, may gather in stealthy array,
Savage bands, to attack, at the breaking of day;
While the yell of the Nihilist rings through the dark
And wild socialist matters are caught if we hark.

For our liberty's precious, and ruffians still
Love to plunder and rob, to take captive and kill;
And the hosts of oppressed and oppressors are here:
Spring from ten generations of freemen, what fear?

Here's to ten generations! The war's well begun
We will meet the array, be they twenty to one.
Smiles from eyes true and steady shall nerve us to stand
And the fight will be royal, the victory grand.

Scorn for tyrants and slaves! None oppress we, nor brook
E'er a check on our footsteps free roving.
With our swords by the hilt; and our hands on the Book;
For strong living, hard fighting, true loving!

DECEMBER 4, 1895.

In Memoriam.

REV. ALBERT A. MORSE.

On Sunday morning, June 16, 1894, at the home of his son, Mr. Amos B. Morse, in Abbeville, S. C., the Rev. Albert A. Morse, a member of our society, laid down the activities of a long and useful life. Though he had been unable to meet with the members of the society, his bright and genial personality and the strength of the faith to which he had given his life's best years shone in the lines which he wrote and endeared him to us, who may be his associates no longer.

Your committee feel that no words of theirs could show the beauty of this life as well as these from the pen of our departed brother:

"COOSAW, S. C., May 17, 1893.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR:—

"Your most interesting communication of the 13th inst. was received on the 15th; thanks for it. I am so glad to note the information it contained.

"On examination of the record, I feel sure Joseph the 2d was our common ancestor; you are from his son Joseph, and I am from his son Amos, who was my great-grandfather. Well then, may we not claim cousinship, as we certainly are not so far apart as the proverbial '42d cousin.' My father, grand and great-grand, were all named Amos. I note you were born March 31, 1835, and I, March 29, 1819; so I am sixteen years and two days your senior. I am now in my seventy-fifth year and am quite hale for three-quarters of a century old.

"What changes! what changes! At the time of your birth, I was a clerk for my brother in a provision store at the corner of Howard and Crosby streets, New York. Left there in October of that year and made my way to Columbia, S. C. Clerked there for some time; then entered South Carolina College, located there. Was graduated with second honor in a class of '32. Taught a while at Abbeville, S. C., and then entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. In 1849, married a Miss Carolina Teague, who gave me fourteen children (all now gone but six), and is still by my side in her sixty-sixth year, hale and hearty, with the exception of frequent severe nervous pains in the face.

"Our living children are all off to themselves, with the exception of our youngest daughter, Albertam Augusta Morse. She, so far, has preëmptorily refused to permit any man to take her away from her old parents. God bless her for it. She wonders what is the age of Miss Sarah R——. But I will stop this, as it is getting too *inquisitive*.

"I should, indeed, like to meet you and yours, but at my time of life it is not probable, though one or both my sons may have that pleasure. One of them was in New York last year and also the year before, and the other some time previous to that.

"I have not been in New York since 1856. Was then a member of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which met in a church on Fifth Avenue, and I was the guest for the time of a Mrs. Kennedy, a sister of Mr. Robt. Lenox. Up to that time I was there frequently and spent all the summer of 1848 at New York and Rahway, and then got up for Rev. Abner Morse the material of my own family in the 'Morse Memorial.'

"By the way, I have just read over an interesting letter from Rev. Abner, addressed to me, September 10, 1848, about this Memorial, etc., which I have carefully preserved.

"I had proposed going on in 1860, with all my family, but the war cloud interfered, and now it is '93 and I am not there yet. I went into the Confederate army as a chaplain; was captured at Petersburgh in April, 1865, was carried to Washington and locked up in the old Capitol at sunset on the night of the assassination, and then, May 1st, to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie; released early in July and sent to Baltimore. They were so careful of me, lest I should get hurt, that I could not visit any one or anywhere. I got home at last to find myself penniless, but rich in a (as said the Hoosier) 'numerous wife and children.' Then came the tussle to live and for a long time could not afford the expense of such a trip, and so it has come to pass that I have not crossed the Potomac since 1856, except as an involuntary and closely attended guest of Uncle Sam, and now it is too late to make such a trip."

Our brother was born in Rahway, N. J., on the 29th day of March, 1819, where he remained until November, 1834. In 1842 he removed to Columbia, S. C., and, becoming a member of the Presbyterian Church, determined to study for the ministry, which he entered in 1849. On December 20, 1849, at Abbeville, he was married to Miss Carolina Teague, of that village, who survives him. Until the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, our brother continued to occupy various charges in the pulpit or in connection with educational work, and after the cessation of hostilities returned, with wrecked fortunes, to take up his work among an impoverished people. Nothing daunted, he entered the work as an evangelist. In March, 1871, he became pastor of the church at Gainesville, Ala., which charge he retained until May, 1885, at which time he removed to Brown's Chapel, at Coosaw, Beaufort County, S. C. The storm of August, 1893, destroyed the mission, wrecked his house and carried away his library and property. Returning to the home of his son, at Abbeville, S. C., our brother passed the remainder of his days, and left this world better for many years of usefulness among a people by whom his memory will long be held in grateful remembrance.

ELBRIDGE WORTHINGTON MORSE

was born in Leominster, Mass., December 30, 1850. He was, as a child, rather delicate in constitution, but received a good education in the public schools of his native town. At an early age he went to New York and engaged in mercantile business.

He was ever full of humor, bright and cheerful, and his kindly disposition endeared him to all who came in contact with him. At the age of thirty-five it became apparent that he had organic heart trouble; this did not, however, make him morose or melancholy, but he cheerfully bore his burden to the last.

He died in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 8, 1895, leaving a widow, but no children.

His father was Gen. Augustus Morse, who was, for many years, prominent in the industrial, civil and military affairs of Massachusetts.

Accompanying this "Record" you will find a circular and application blank, and we hope you will use the latter in applying for membership in our Society. If you are unable to do this, however, kindly fill out the blank as well as you can, in order that we may have the benefit of your family data for the "Memorial."